

## New York Tribune.

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## Joseph Johnson's Case Requires the Attention of Mayor Kline.

Mayor Kline's policy of non-partisanship in the administration of the city's business for the next three months and a half should include a polite notice to all heads of departments to refrain from offensive exhibitions of partisanship. A most conspicuous offender in this respect is Fire Commissioner Joseph Johnson, who has been devoting most of his time recently to politics and has been making intemperate attacks both on other Gaynor leaders and on the leaders in the fusion movement.

Mr. Johnson is evidently out of his depth as a campaign manager. He has made himself a joke and a nuisance, and it is high time that he should be asked either to return to the duties for which he was elected or to sever his connection with the municipal payroll. Mayor Kline has said that "no head of a department will lose his place unless he is proved to be unfit." There is a manifest unfitness in a commissioner's laying aside the burdens of his office in order to engage in factional politics and to head a campaign committee whose only apparent object is to bushwhack about and to make trouble for the recognized political organizations which have united to redeem the city from Tammany misgovernment. Judging from his most recent performances Mr. Johnson has become a mere muddler and disturber of the peace. He is out of place in an administration which is intended to be conducted on a non-partisan basis and under which efficiency in office is to be required of all officeholders. There is enough to be done in the Fire Department to occupy the entire attention of a commissioner. Mr. Johnson should get back to his deserted post, unless he is willing to resign in order to gratify his thirst for political controversy. At present it is a case of Too Little Johnson at Fire Headquarters and Too Much Johnson at the headquarters of the moribund Gaynor League. Mayor Kline ought to insist that Mr. Johnson, while he remains commissioner, shall efface himself as a partisan bomb thrower and fire eater.

## Pay the State's Debts.

It is to be hoped the Legislature will pay due heed to acting Governor Glynn's request for speedy action on a direct tax bill and adopt such a measure when it convenes again on Wednesday night. Otherwise this state, which is subject perforce to enough trouble and humiliation just now, will have added to it the humiliation of being in default on the interest payment on its outstanding obligations.

The Controller has certified that the state is without funds to meet its payments of interest and sinking funds on outstanding bonds save through a direct tax. Preparations to meet this annual expenditure should have been completed long ago. They would have been save for the unfortunate squabble between Governor Sulzer and the Legislature, which impelled him to veto a direct tax bill when his pernicious scheme to avoid a direct tax by juggling the contributions already made to the sinking funds was discredited. Now it is high time for the Legislature to act again, if it is ever going to act, so the county authorities may do their share in the tax levy.

In spite of the disturbed and much-to-be-regretted conditions at Albany, the government will go right along. The state, having contracted debts, must pay them some time. Default in the interest on the state's bonds would be a very serious and lasting disgrace to the state, which can hardly be included in the war programme of either of the contestants.

## The Comic Relief.

By a grim stroke Fate made the shovel the emblem of Mayor Gaynor's last ill-fated enterprise. The energetic Mr. Joseph Johnson has picked up that striking symbol and is busily engaged in waving it in the air.

This performance has struck a number of the late Mayor's friends as disagreeable and in the worst of taste. No doubt it is. But considered as a comic interlude, set in the heart of a tragedy, there is excellent dramatic authority for such an episode. The gravediggers in "Hamlet" sputtered words almost as full of meaning and surely with not less taste and propriety.

## A Full Vote at To-Day's Primaries.

The Progressive and Independence League managers are said to be greatly exercised lest wicked Tammany henchmen break into the primaries to-day and steal the local machinery of the two parties. Such fears may be founded on sad experiences in the past. It is true that Tammanyites once crawled in through the windows and appropriated the title and emblem of the Independence League, the original members of the league being obliged to reorganize as the Civic Alliance.

It is hard for a dog to get rid of a bad name. Yet even hardened criminals sometimes reform, and if the Progressive and Independence League leaders had been more alive to the signs of the times they would probably not have suspected Tammany of lying in wait to carry away anything not nailed down at this particular juncture.

Would Tammany steal anything while the Sulzer verdict hangs in the balance? To believe it would be to discredit one of the most remarkable moral awakenings which East Fourteenth Street has known since the Salvation Army was founded.

The real danger is not from Tammany, but from crooked members of the Progressive party and of the Independence League. Some of these, and some members of the Republican party, we are sorry to say, are so little interested in the duty of defeating Tammany Hall that they are urging voters in the primaries to write the names of Tammany candidates upon the ballot in place of the fusion candidates already designated. Let there be a full vote to-day to prevent not so much stealing by Tammany as treachery by its pretended enemies.

Underwood tariff bill so as to exempt from taxation Secretary Bryan's Chautauqua gate receipts.

## Another Job for Tammany's Master of Etiquette.

The Hon. J. Sergeant Cram is reported from London to be greatly distressed over the antics of Mr. Bryan, who is "making himself, the administration and the nation ridiculous by running around the country performing in a circus tent while great affairs of state are left to look after themselves."

But why does not Mr. Cram do something practical instead of merely talking about it? We should think he might hurry back and take the Secretary of State in charge. As a modern Petronius he could teach him what was fitting, such as whether it was proper for him to appear on the same programme with the Neapolitan Troubadours, or whether he should reserve himself for such dignified and austere companionship as that of Sears, the Taffy Man.

Surely, that would be a task not less worthy of Mr. Cram's high talents than that of teaching Mr. Murphy how to eat peas!

## The Case of John Smith and the Olympic Games.

Most of the prizes at Olympia appear to have been taken by the rich and effeminate Greek cities of Italy and Sicily. Sybaris and Croton played the part that America plays now.—The London Nation.

To compare this country to Sybaris, a city whose name gives us the word "Sybarite," is the nearest revenge England has had yet for America's last victory at the revived Olympic games. But "The Nation" does more. It is content with nothing short of destroying the whole notion that the Greeks were a people who took their athletics sanely and that the ancient games approached the ideal. "Trainers were introduced and athletics became an end in themselves," says "The Nation," savagely. And the result of this specialization is pictured by Galen, a doctor of gladiators before he became physician to the Emperor:

"Neglecting the old rule which prescribes moderation in all things they (the athletes) spend their lives in overexercising, overeating, oversleeping, like pigs. Hence they seldom live to old age, and if they do they are crippled and liable to all sorts of diseases." Thus, the article says, "it seems that Mr. Nowell Smith's description of the Olympic games as 'rot' is only too literally true of them in the past as in the present."

Plainly, there are consolations in defeat. But is the case of victorious America so bad that it must be compared to Sybaris? And if too much emphasis is laid on games and winning them, isn't it easier on that account for John Smith to get Saturday and Sunday off for golf without objection from his wife, and isn't he the better for it?

## A Square Deal for the Grizzlies.

It is to be hoped that the friends of "Buffalo Bill," reported to have "planted" a superannuated grizzly bear from the Wild West show for the Prince of Monaco, who wants to go bear hunting, are not animated by a desire for revenge after having bucked Monte Carlo. Wyoming must be able to produce a few real, uncivilized bears yet, so that its loyal citizens cannot be reduced to the extremity of palming off a veteran just to make good the reputation of the community with a visiting foreigner. Sailed mines may be all right for visiting investors, but salting down game for the visiting sportsman is a bit too strong. It snacks of Broadway's get-rich-quick companies and fake poolrooms for wire tappers.

Besides, there's the feeling of the grizzlies to be considered. Why should this veteran be butchered to make a royal holiday, after his years of service to the community with his distinguished proprietary? And why should the kings of the Rockies be misrepresented all over the Continent by the exhibition of the skin of a mummy, decrepit, chain-smoker and fat? Albert I and the grizzlies are entitled to a square deal than this. It's to be hoped "Buffalo Bill" himself will intervene and scare up a real bear.

## Mr. Harrison and the Philippine Society.

The resolutions which were adopted the other day by the Philippine Society on the appointment of Mr. F. B. Harrison as Governor General of the Philippine Islands derive interest and significance from the fact that that society is understood to be loyally devoted to the maintenance of the American policy of duty and consistency in dealing with our Asian possessions. The principles of that society are, indeed, such that Mr. Manuel Quezon, the chief propagandist of Philippine separation, was unable to remain a member of it.

In offering Mr. Harrison, whose appointment it could hardly approve, its congratulations and wishes for his success, and pledging him its support, the society no doubt means to show the new Governor General that he need expect no hostility from those who are convinced that the best interests of the islands require their permanent retention by this country, but that he will have their fullest co-operation.

It is to be hoped that Mr. Harrison will enter upon his task with similar open-mindedness. The worst situation that could exist would be a state of suspicion upon both sides. Mr. Harrison is entitled to have information and assistance from all quarters. Only this will he become a competent adviser to the national administration. If he goes at his task in the right spirit he will become convinced that this country's duty in the Philippines is far from done.

## Trainmen Killed and Injured.

It was a little surprising to have it stated in the hearing before the Federal Arbitration Board that on American railroads an employee is killed or disabled for life every seven and a quarter hours and one is injured every nine minutes. It was more surprising to have that statement disputed as an exaggeration.

In the year ended June 30, 1912, according to the reports of the Interstate Commerce Commission, 3,235 railroad employees were killed and 50,979 were injured.

One was therefore killed not every seven and a quarter hours but about every three hours; and one was injured not every nine minutes but every five and a half minutes.

The bearing of these figures upon the present dispute may be matter for discussion. There can be no question of its imperative indication of the need of greater care for human life and limb in the railroad industry.

We trust that a sympathetic conference committee will amend the income tax provisions of the

Underwood tariff bill so as to exempt from taxation Secretary Bryan's Chautauqua gate receipts.

In the Hon. Joseph Johnson's case it seems that little oaks often from Great Acorns grow.

Obviously that missing witness whom the Sulzer impeachment managers haven't been able to find has been shanghaied by Tammany Hall.

From time to time the police of this city do a bit of good work which only emphasizes, by contrast, a great deal of inefficient work.

The average citizen doesn't need any elaborate statistics from the federal government to prove the rise in food prices in recent years. He can prove it from his bills.

## AS I WAS SAYING

It is a beautiful editorial, this of Brother Hapgood's—begins with puppies:

"Puppies frolic. They enjoy; they wag their tails; they confide." Not so the old dog. "The old dog looks askance. He lies on his mat and growls."

So our thoughts run on ahead. We expect something in the vein of "What is dogmatism? Puppyism grown up." But this is what we get: "Ah, friends, it is an art to grow old gracefully, a difficult art, and most important. You may seem reasonable and even sunny to yourself, but do the young think you so? That is the test, and the best way to meet it is to have interests not too closely connected with your own welfare."

Oh, wisdom! Nothing like getting our lessons from dogs. Yet what, meanwhile, are we doing for the dogs? It becomes a pretty solemn question, brethren. The other day a man took his dog to a moving picture show, and the papers say the beast enjoyed it.

The moral problem involved in this is one that cannot be overestimated. With the dogs going to the moving picture shows, and vice versa, where shall we order our ethics?

And right on top of this comes Dr. Noguchi's discovery of the germ of rabies. Henceforth, it will be a trivial adventure, getting rabies. The dogs realize it, as is shown by the following excerpt from Dr. Elias McGuinness's report to the Canadian government:

"On investigation I have established that the recent overflocking of the hospitals throughout the Province of Quebec is due to the unprecedented frequency of dog bites. I attribute the crime wave among dogs to Dr. Noguchi's success in isolating the microbe of rabies. It is most unfortunate that the news could not be kept from the dogs. Even old dogs and those noted for their care of their health no longer hesitate."

We are sorry for the Canadians. We love them. It is they who have opened England to our tourists, so that an American can travel there without incurring ridicule. To the English we were a funny people, formerly; but, as Stephen Phillips so gracefully informs us, "our mantelpiece has fallen upon Canada."

The Honorable Tay Pay O'Connor is progressing grandly with his series on "Orators Who Have Influenced Me." This week he discusses Joseph Chamberlain, and we understand that the best is still in store, delayed by the illustrators' difficulty in securing sufficiently statesmanlike clowns and jugglers to pose for the background.

A paragrapher's compliments to Mr. Wright Keibel, of Tennessee, who has managed to sleep forty days and forty nights. How we covet that precious gift!

No doubt there is some practicality in the plan to place the baggage car at the end of a passenger train to serve as a buffer, but we prefer a preventive measure, which will warn the oncoming engineer at a distance, say, of four miles, and furnish him with a powerful incentive to approach reluctantly.

For this purpose, we advocate the cattle car.

We miss Brother Herford's "Persian Kitten" in "Harper's Weekly" this time, and have been in a fever of anxiety, as it was an awful scratch the little creature gave Mr. Witter Bynner's "thin, red book" last week, so we trembled for the consequence. To paraphrase Father Tabbs's famous "Tablet" and apply it to Tabby,

Had Witter Bynner been a wit, He surely would have strangled it.

It is all very jolly for the Amazon Indians to assassinate mere tame explorers from Chicago, but wait till they try their nonsense on the Colonel!

"I am not one of those who cry out against the immorality of the new dances," writes Anna Pavlova, and methinks it would be funny if she were.

We fear it will go hard with Brother Lamar, now they have snatched him for impersonation. It is a deep, dark crime. We have witnessed it. We were among those present when a noted ex-Salome impersonated Harry Lauder, George Cohan and many others. Dreadful!

Really, we had never seen such daintily original imitations.

"The women one sees everywhere," writes Mr. Bliss Carman, "are more free and graceful, more magical and enchanting than ever. Their walk and carriage are mobile, more ideal, natural and searaphic."

Going some, we should say, and may add that there are moments when we could wish ourself a poet—and then again, not!

## HOW ABOUT DR. FRIEDMANN?

From The Houston Post.  
In extending a general invitation to the whole world to come to Texas, we have a list of exceptions that includes Colonel Mulhall, David Lamar and Dr. Cook.

## SOME MEN ARE HARD TO PLEASE.

From The Cleveland Plain Dealer.  
Speaking of determination. A New York woman has just won a fight of thirty years against her husband for alimony. If she had used the same amount of determination in making her home happy what a cinch she would have had on that man.

## LOGICAL.

From The Detroit Free Press.  
The Washington Chamber of Commerce wants to prevent the use of veal as food, on the theory that it would make beef cheaper. Why not go further, and prevent the use of eggs as food, and reduce the price of chicken?

## PEDDLING CITY BONDS.

From The Philadelphia Record.  
Still another way of marketing city bonds has been exploited, and if this sort of thing keeps on the bankers will lose their business. Baltimore offered a loan of \$5,500,000 and had no takers; tightness of the money market, it was explained. It cut the price to \$0 without materially stimulating the demand. Then Mr. Grasty, publisher of "The Sun," offered to sell \$10,000 worth of the bonds at the newspaper office, and people poured in and bought that block and other blocks until "The Sun" had sold almost \$1,000,000 worth, and the city has cut off the 10 per cent discount.

## ENTER THE SECRETARY OF STATE.



## THE PEOPLE'S COLUMN

An Open Forum for Public Debate.

## THE NEW TARIFF

## It Promises Small Orders and Much Brotherly Feeling—Perhaps!

To the Editor of The Tribune.  
Sir: As the result of the tariff auction the buyers of goods we manufacture have placed very small orders with us this fall. The explanation we get is that the buyers who have been to Europe have bought almost double the quantity of goods they ordinarily buy because of the expected change in the tariff which will make the imported goods cheaper than American made. This certainly makes a fine outlook for American manufacturers, who are expected to pay higher wages on account of the high cost of living.

We suppose we should have that "brotherly feeling" toward the whole world, but the American workmen, no doubt, will have to suffer for it later.  
MANUFACTURER.  
New York, Sept. 15, 1913.

## THE VULGARITY OF YODELING

## This Reader Seems to Prefer It to Imitation Aristocracy.

To the Editor of The Tribune.  
Sir: He was a successful man and the tones of his voice were clear proof of his intelligence. He said it was undignified for Mr. Bryan, the Secretary of State, to go round the country speaking in a tent—and with a lot of Swiss yodelers, too. Something ought to be done.

The successful man was quite right. Something ought to be done. Mr. Bryan annoys us. Ever since his spectacular entrance into national politics he has not ceased to proclaim himself a commoner. It is an offensive word. Not content with protestations, now, forsooth, he acts as if he were a commoner—he associates with nobodies, people who earn their living by singing songs, and love-lived beyond doubt. Worse—he speaks in a tent, and a tent, as all the world knows, is dear to the hearts of common folks, for it means clowns and prancing horses and fun.

We have tried so very hard to be aristocratic and proper over here in the United States. It was uphill work, having cast off the yoke of England, it was rather difficult to crawl back into her lap again. But it was being managed—our wealth and most prominent ladies were being introduced at court.

But what are we to do now? Our Secretary of State associates with travelling singers. Bah! Away with him!  
G.  
New York, Sept. 15, 1913.

## UNIONS FOR OFFICE WORKERS

## Only by Organizing, It Is Urged, Can They Better Their Lot.

To the Editor of The Tribune.  
Sir: In your issue of yesterday was reported a demonstration of London clerks in Hyde Park in favor of organization of office workers. The report stated that the speakers declaimed against the poor pay and bad working conditions of clerks and called attention to the high rate of mortality from consumption prevailing in their class.

Now, the poor pay and bad conditions of office workers are not confined to London or Great Britain. Here in New York are thousands of office workers who work long hours, frequently under very unhealthy conditions, for pay lower than that of the street cleaner. The reason for this probably lies in a great excess of supply over demand of this class of worker, resulting in the acceptance of miserable wages and bad conditions without protest.

This unsatisfactory state of affairs can be remedied only by the office workers, and the way in which they can do this is by organizing themselves into a union. All other classes of wage earners have found this step necessary and exceedingly

beneficial, and no foolish snobbishness should deter office workers from following their example. Their need cries aloud for action.

A union already exists for this purpose. It is known as the Bookkeepers, Stenographers and Accountants' Union, with headquarters at No. 43 East 22nd street, New York. Membership is open to both sexes. A postal address to the secretary will procure full particulars and application blanks.

OFFICE WORKER.  
New York, Sept. 15, 1913.

## KIND WORDS FOR THIS PAGE

## A Reader Praises "Plain and Sensible Seriousness."

To the Editor of The Tribune.  
Sir: Permit me to express my very sincere appreciation of the five editorial articles of to-day's issue of The Tribune. For variety of topic, timeliness, non-personal naturalness of treatment, excellent English and clearness of expression they especially the plain and sensible seriousness that pervades each article that I write to commend.

Editorial writing lately, even in our best daily papers, has indulged all too freely in the use of sarcasm and irony, and too often the intelligent and earnest minded reader has turned to the editorial columns for a wise and judicious handling of current events only to be disappointed.

CYRILL D. J. NORTH.  
Auburn, N. Y., Sept. 12, 1913.

## FOR UNIFORM HORNS

## An Earnest Protest Is Lodged Against Raucous Motor Signals.

To the Editor of The Tribune.  
Sir: When a fire engine rushes through the street to put out a fire a fireman blows a whistle or clangs a loud bell, an officer of the Fire Department has the same privilege of giving an alarm which will quickly clear his path. The Police Department and ambulances have a similar privilege. Their errands are of such pressing importance that they are justified in scaring people, if necessary, to make sure that the warning is understood and heeded. But why do we, presumably civilized people, put up with a similar alarm from pleasure riders in automobiles? Stop your work for a minute and notice how the ear splitting electric horn invades your window at very brief intervals. In Broadway, in Park Row, in 42nd street and in all the busiest streets this nuisance flouts itself every day. The great majority of automobiles are decent, but for about every ten which use the ordinary horn there is one in which the motorist arrogates to himself the right to give a signal every few rods calling on ordinary cars to get out of his way. Is this not what it means? If it is not, why should he not have a horn like the others?

In the public roadway all vehicles of the same general character should have equal rights. This implies that automobile horns should give sounds of equal intensity. (Note: Even if a certain class of cars were to be entitled to take priority and to give signals to so indicate there would be no justification for an outrageous noise, designedly made as an effort to make the most of the privilege.)

Let us not be misled by the fact that the horns of pleasure cars are not as loud as those of the police or fire department. A law requiring uniformity in the horns would be in every way just. The interests of rival manufacturers—I don't know who they are—are not worthy of mention as compared with the interests of the whole public.

This noise nuisance presents an interesting phenomenon in psychology. Most of the high-powered automobiles are filled with very complacent looking people. Many of them, even of those which travel some lower Broadway, are touring for pleasure. They seem as free from care as though sitting on their own piazzas at

their country cottages of a summer evening. The chauffeur, moving slowly through a crowd, controls every feature of his power by the touch of a finger, and except for the muscular power needed to move a finger he seems completely at rest. In that peaceable frame of mind it seems impossible that he should be willing to split the ears of a thousand innocent people every two minutes, or that his passengers should approve such barbarity. Why is it?

The trouble is, I think, that they do not stop to consider the difference, in condition and environment, between themselves and the pedestrians in the street. The well behaved motorists and drivers and the unoffending workers in the stores and offices. In the car, with nothing else to take up the mind, to voluntarily sound an alarm (even with the outrageous blaxxon) is one thing; your ears are prepared; but to be walking along the street with your mind on your own affairs, engaged with other things, and to have the alarm spring suddenly, like a thunderbolt out of a clear sky, is quite another thing. The horn flend himself, if walking quietly on the sidewalk or at work in the tenth story of the Tribune Building, would at once realize the true character of the nuisance—unless he were one of that class of people who, like boys on the Fourth of July, love noise for its own sake.

I write in behalf of the invalids, nervous persons and others who love quiet. There are thousands of people, who are not intoxicated with the automobile idea, and not all of them invalids, who are entitled to quiet, even in a noisy city, unless the disturbing noises are necessary.

B. R. BLANCHARD.  
New York, Sept. 12, 1913.

## THE COMIC JOHNSON.

To the Editor of The Tribune.  
Sir: The rhaiid plays are, by public press consensus, at least held in abeyance in the political arena, however, is there not "too much Johnson?"

A NON-PARTISAN.  
New York, Sept. 13, 1913.

## THE TALK OF THE DAY.

"The Cleveland Plain Dealer," one of the historic and famous newspapers of the country, while owned by Mr. L. E. Holden, has been under the control of Mr. Elbert H. Baker for many years. Mr. Holden having retired from active business. After the recent death of Mr. Holden, Mr. Baker, who had been the general manager, very naturally succeeded to the position of president of the corporation in place of Mr. Holden. This means that the conduct of "The Plain Dealer," which has been so successful in the past, will continue undisturbed in the future.

Stox—Say, old man, I'm sorry that market tin I gave you yesterday turned out so bad. I hope—  
Fox—Oh, that's all right. I passed it along to a fellow I had a grudge against.  
—Boston Transcript.

A new diversion has been found at Trouville. Every Wednesday and Saturday, which are the market days, leaders of French society are to be seen visiting the stalls in search of bargains. The other day among the crowd around the stalls piled with lace, silks, vegetables and other goods two contesters, a vicomtesse, a comte, two marquises and a duke were seen making numerous purchases. A Paris evening paper gives a few extracts from the society intelligence of the future: "Mme. la Duchesse de F— yesterday bought a magnificent lettuce of a remarkably fine green tint. His excellency the Prince R— bought a perfect duck of a lobster, bright-eyed, with very fine claws, and of an incomparable chic." The possibilities of the idea are limitless.

"These magazines are so helpful."  
"What's the latest?"  
"Here in the home hints they tell you how to make a lovely soufflé from an old tomato can."  
—Louisville Courier-Journal.